

# Times So Hard

Young Bleed

Chorus:

Mo.B Dick and O'Dell

We wont be neglected  
We wont be denied  
We will not be hated  
cause we're hustlin to survive  
Times so hard  
tryin to make it  
Times so hard  
tryin to make it

Fiend:

Now all jokes aside  
I'm having to realize I'm still breathing  
Since a baby teasin i knew i was gonna live  
Even reasons after celebrated seasons we was broke  
Hope was selling dope  
or robbing these other folks  
i know every bad confrontayion that we was facing  
I'm a young black male what would you do in my situation  
Lately dozen altercation that win like a deck of cards  
sayin we all out if you gonna accept the lord

Chorus

Master P:

Bad times my cousin had done  
I sent two g's to his wife and son I'm sayin  
Dear god don't take me  
why these bitches and these niggas tryin ta break me  
I see dead presidents my friends get bent and mama  
in the ghetto tryin to pay the rent  
in high school used to be kings and queens  
came home of a two now they jackers and fiends Ugh!  
Survival play ghetto games  
lose your life these days for some yards or gold rings

Chorus

Young Bleed:

Can you visualize perfection in a section of a crib  
And a yard full of ghetto kids  
when i was dreamin and creamin and wasn't makin no money  
steady hustlin high to make it for niggas to die for me  
that's gonna forever be real  
and nigga that's regardless feelin like I'm still in my faith  
I'm hollowed headed and heartless  
balancing life on a triple beam and gambling with the arts of fate  
and niggas got the nerve to playa hate  
a young nigga in this game to survive with a 45  
lookin at the sky gettin so high nigga  
above the law with underguard right between the sky and the earth  
aint touchin dirt claim to the dirty game for what it's worth